

State Normal Magazine

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The Organ

May McQueen, '14, Adelpbian

A hush—a chord—the sound in volume rose
Vibrating over all, majestic, grand;
Its power lifting man above his sphere
Of dull routine and sordid, petty cares.

An answering chord: in stately cadence flow
The notes sublime, inspiring, calm, and sure;
No hollow sound, but rich, sustaining notes
To strengthen hearts by sorrow burdened low.

A cuckoo call. Then faint at first there comes
From darkling wood, thro' glen, o'er shadowy
moor,
What answering cry?—'tis the mournful nightingale,
Its rich, full-throated, melancholy note.

An Ariel flight—a flute-like melody
That poising lightly, gently floats away
Thro' airy heights, and soaring bears a soul
That freed from earth can glimpse a higher sphere.

A breathless hush: thro' vaulted arches now
Re-echoes loud a deep sonorous peal.
The mortal veil is rent. The skies are cleft.
The spirit's free—Behold the throne of God.



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The Christmas Spirit

Carey Wilson, Cornelian

"Mammy, what is Christmas? I heard Jake 'n Mame talkin' 'bout it terday. They said 'twus when a old feller name Santy Claus come down ther chimbley ter bring kids things. He ain't never lef' us nothin', has he?"

"Land, Maggie, child, I'm sorry you heerd anything about it, fer Christmas ain't fer the likes o' us. It's fer rich folks. But 'twant made fer them at fust," she added to herself bitterly.

"How wus it made, mammy?" begged Maggie.

"Well, you mind, last summer when it wus warm so's you e'd git a dress instid o' shoes, you went down ter ther Mission Sunday school an' heerd yer Miss Ethel tell 'bout Jesus?"

Maggie forgot to shiver at the mention of "Miss Ethel's" magic name.

"Well, Christmas is ther day that Jesus was born on. Folks set off that day ter give each other presents, but yer can't give presents 'thout money, an' we ain't got no money. Santa Claus is a big, fat man with white whiskers, that drives deers an' comes down chimneys to put play pretties in stockin's that children hang up the night before Christmas."

Maggie gazed despairingly at the cramped, smoky stove flue, and asked in a voice that held just one inflection of struggling hope, "Will he ever git roun' to *me*, mammy?"

"If yore pa had lived, or had lef' me anything 'cept this here two-roomed shanty, we might 'a' made shift ter have a little Christmas, but havin' ter go out to work every day this

way ter keep bread in our mouths, I jus' ain't got the money, Maggie. An' termorrer is Christmas day," she mused. "It do look like the Lord don't keer much fer pore folks, after all."

Maggie, aged five, and poverty wise beyond her years, said no more, but there was a lump in her throat and a sense of injustice rankled deep in her childish heart. "She wus git-tin' cheated, that's whut she wus, an' she'd fix 'em some day when she got big enough to know who was runnin' things wrong this way."

The morning brought snow, which Maggie hated, because snow meant more cold; but with the snow, it brought Miss Ethel—Miss Ethel all fur-wrapped and beautiful, with a big sleigh, out of which came a box of wood, a basket of dinner, and a fat bundle. "Here's a merry Christmas to you both," cried Miss Ethel, and was gone.

Maggie tore into the fat bundle while her mother unpacked the basket. There was a coat for Mammy and a dress for Maggie, and then there was in the bottom a truly doll. None of your make-believe rolls of rags, if you please, but a little lady in pink, with a deliciously hard china head. Never had Maggie been so happy. With maternal assistance, the new-comer was ceremoniously christened Isabel Susananna. She held the place of honor at the Christmas dining-table, on which appeared more marvellously delightful dishes than Maggie had ever heard of.

"Mammy, what made Miss Ethel's face shine so?"

"It was the Christmas spirit, child," was the answer upon which she meditated until, the wonderful repast over, she slipped into the cold bedroom, and clasping Isabel Susananna tight, stretched on tiptoes to see if there was any "shininess" in her own countenance, reflected in the dim little mirror. All she saw was a child's face, temporarily transfigured with deep contentment.

She and Isabel Susananna often pondered upon the weighty question while their respective mother and grandmother left them together through the long winter days which she had to spend at work. When spring came, they sat on

neighboring lumber piles and still wondered about it sometimes, but could reach no solution.

Another summer, with a few blissful Sundays of mission school, slipped by, and Christmas was coming again. Maggie, being a year older, could be trusted to go part of the way down town to see the shop windows. Times were a little more prosperous and there was a bare prospect, this year, Mammy said, of a visit from Santa Claus. A prospect of any kind, even a bare one, made Maggie's heart leap and she stood for hours with her pug nose flattened against the cold glass of a certain show-window, unmindful of the whipping wind, gazing ardently at a huge, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed baby, baby-doll, with swathing white clothes and real eyelashes. Maggie clasped her hands in rapture. *Real* eyelashes!

It was two days before Christmas, and still the beauty remained in the show-window, and still Maggie feasted upon it with hungry eyes. As she stood there in the coming twilight, loath to leave the light and color for the drab house with its bare coldness and evil, flickering lamp, a voice behind her, the voice of Miss Ethel, invited, "Come and help me deliver Christmas presents. I'm starting early this year so as to get around before Christmas day."

In wondering silence, Maggie was tucked in among the bundles and baskets and red ribbons and holly, and away they went, not to Maggie's disappointment, to rich folks houses, but to dwellings like her own, poor and narrow, and crowded with humanity instead of furniture. At each house Miss Ethel left a present and with it a happy word that brought a quick "God bless you!" until her face shown "as the face of an angel." Maggie told her all about the bare prospect and the longed for doll.

When she went to bed beside her mother afterwards, she confided to the battered but faithful Isabel Susananna, "I've foun' out what makes her face shiny. It's 'cause she gives ter folks what ain't got nuthin' like 's much as she has—an' that ain't all—it's givin' 'cause you love 'em. Jesus loved everybody an' Miss Ethel does too."

Next morning Maggie rose with the firm intention of giving something to somebody "poorer'n her", but the ques-

tion was, what to give? The only thing she had was the annual pair of new shoes and she needed them so. But didn't Miss Ethel say to give something you wanted yourself? Yes, she was *going* to give those shoes to Annie Lawer, whom, being the only acquaintance poorer than herself, she had determined upon as recipient. She tied the shoes together by their strings and put in one a "Merry Christmas" saved from Miss Ethel's gifts last year. Doubtful about parental sanction Maggie decided to take them down to Annie's house next morning early, before Mammy waked. This question settled, her mind was free to dwell again upon the momentarily forgotten desire of her little isolated, starved, mother-heart.

When Mammy came home from work, a smile on her tired face, Maggie was dreaming on the floor. Regardless of her eager questions, she was hustled off to bed, and dropped asleep in spite of her intention to watch for Santa Claus.

Sometime during the night she woke and slid softly out of bed to wait for morning; so she could carry the shoes to Annie. It must be near daylight, she reasoned, for she never woke till then; so she began to dress, afraid to go back to bed for fear of oversleeping.

In the darkness and cold, came an army of doubts. What would Mammy say? Suppose the shoes should be too little for Annie. Then a horrible thought came—s'pose Annie didn't *want* her gift! Maybe she wouldn't have it! Overwhelmed and shivering, Maggie sank into a dejected heap, colliding on the way with something unusual. Oh! she had forgotten—it was her stocking! Groping eagerly, she pulled out a something that she knew without the aid of sight to be the one and only baby-doll—hers by right of desire. She had known just how it would feel, there in the curve of her thin arm, how velvety its waxen cheeks, how soft the hair and delicate lashes.

Supremely happy, doubt forgotten, she sat there until startled by a movement from the bed. Mammy! Where was *Mammy's* Christmas present? She felt beside her stocking. There was no other. Then Mammy didn't have any present? But who was there to give her one? Why *she* was the one, of course, and in her blindness, she had been going to give

her one gift to Annie. Why Mammy was poorer than she, because she denied herself that Maggie might have more, and she hadn't even thought of it. And, as for love, there was some verse about "loving much", and she knew she loved Mammy not only *much*, but *most*. It was Mammy instead of Annie to whom *her* present was going. But here arose a perplexity in the readjustment of her ideas. Mammy could never wear her *shoes*! What should she do? She didn't have anything else—why, yes she did, she had the beautiful baby in her lap. She could hang up Mammy's stocking and put it in—Mammy would think Santa Claus left it—Miss Ethel said it was more blessed to give in secret—Mammy would never know. Half unformed, these thoughts whirled through her little mind, with all the time, a big, big ache and emptiness underneath. It never occurred to her believing heart that anybody wouldn't *want* such a gorgeous, wonderful present as that dear baby with real eyelashes! *Could* she give it away? She hugged it tightly. She had never wanted anything quite so much in all her life. But *that* was what true giving meant. She must be quick or Mammy would wake up. She slipped over and got a larger stocking from the meagre pile beside her own, and with a little choked sob and final caress, crammed in the doll as best she could, and crept back to dreamless slumbers. And as she slept, there shone from her face the Christmas spirit.

A Glimpse of Guam

Eliza Moore, '14, Adelpkian

It had been twelve days since we left Honolulu and during that time we had known nothing beyond our boat, save a world of sky and water. Imagine our delight when on Easter Sunday morning, "land in sight", was heard from the pilot's box. We knew it must be the little coral island of Guam. On account of the coral reefs we could not go very near the island, but cast anchor out in Agana Bay, about three hundred yards from land. Small gasoline launches came out and conducted us to Guam.

Even before landing on this beautiful little island, we found out many interesting things about it. Guam is about thirty miles long and six miles wide, the largest of the group known as the Marianas. It has a population of about 15,000 people. Lying at east longitude, it is several hours in advance of our time. A cablegram sent to Washington at eleven o'clock Monday p. m. reaches the address at eight twenty o'clock Monday morning. Guam had been held in Spanish possession since its discovery by Magellan in 1521, until by the treaty of peace after the Spanish-American War, it was ceded to the United States. The American flag has floated over this island for about fifteen years, and when the stars and stripes go up in the morning and down in the evening to the strains of the national air, every one within sight of the flag stands erect and reverently uncovers. The naval department of our government now has control of the island.

The object of maintaining Guam is for a cable station. Its position makes it a very important trans-Pacific cable station. Every message to or from the Orient is relayed at this station. Aside from this value it is a coaling station, and a somewhat strategic point in the Pacific ocean between Honolulu and Manila.

The blood of many nationalities flows in the veins of these people, but the Malayan predominates and gives its character

to them. In size they are very small. The language is now a mixture of Spanish, native Chamoro, and English. English being the language of the government now, it is only a matter of time when it will be spoken altogether.

We landed at Piti. Along the shore were numbers of natives with attractive baskets of limes, lemons, oranges and other fruits for sale. The fruits there are especially good, and very cheap. Once past the fruit sellers, we encountered the carriage boys, who crowded around us. Back of the carriages were the crude native conveyances, a carabao pulling a cart, which had wooden wheels. On account of their picturesqueness they are often chosen by tourists in preference to the carriages pulled by small horses. The streets were full of natives who look forward monthly for the arrival of the United States Army Transports. These are the only regular boats from the east. The clothing of the natives is simple and adapted to the climate. For the men it consists of white trousers and a colored blouse worn outside. For the women a trailing skirt usually of calico, and a white loose waist with low neck and large flowing sleeves. They generally wear an elaborate kerchief folded diagonally over the shoulders and fastened in front. The rich, well-to-do inhabitants drive in carriages and wear clothing of often fine quality. The clothing of the children is very scant. At first, it was told us, it was very hard for the little Chamoros to get accustomed to the superfluous American habit of wearing clothes. Sad stories are told of the little ones who in defiance of the law obeyed their own inclinations.

The homes are superior to many of those in the smaller islands, but look very inferior to us even in comparison with the poor in America. The thatch-covered houses are set on posts three or four feet high and consist of two or three rooms. The sides and floors are made of bamboo. The homes of the better class are made of stone with tile roofs. Many of the houses look neat and homelike from the outside, but are destitute of furniture. Chairs are not seen at all and a mat spread on the floor at night serves for a bed. The women cook on mud ranges. Fish and rice constitute the staple food, with vegetables, meat and fruit for variety.

The little chapels, built in Spanish style, were noticeable everywhere. On this Sunday the candles could be seen through the open doors on the altars. The religion of nearly all the inhabitants of Guam is Roman Catholic, or was in its beginning, now it has been so heathenized that they practically worship images of Mary, Jesus and Joseph. The Carmelite Order flourishes among them. Belts blessed by the priest are worn by nearly all the men and women, with the delusion that if they have them on at death the Virgin Mary will take them to heaven.

We found the markets, the cable station, and the chapels in Piti especially interesting. Those who had visited the little island before assured us that we had many greater things in store for us. Among these were the drive to Agana, the capital, and the seeing of Agana itself. For this beautiful drive we chose the native cart pulled by the native steer, the carabao. The road was perfect. It was built when the "Don" held sway and is an example of the roads in olden times. It winds in among the verdant sloping hills, then along the water's edge where the little reefs give the water an opal color and the large ones cause the waves to break in a foamy froth. Now we are in a little native village where the children run out and wave at us and the old people stand and courteously bow; then we are in a cool, shady palm grove, where the hybiscus blooms in all its glory. Once while we were in a pleasant cool place up on a hill overlooking the ocean, we stopped to rest. The boy driving jumped from the cart and up a cocoa palm he went. In a few minutes cocoanuts were falling fast. He then came down and cut the cocoanuts so we could conveniently drink the milk from them. It was very cool and refreshing. Then he cut the nuts in halves shell and all, and made spoons from the palm bark for us to eat the creamy substance. We could easily see as we drove through the flat parts of the country that farming was the chief occupation. The carabao presents a typical native picture as he plods lazily through the rice fields. When some one spoke of the natives being lazy, he was told that they did not have to work in their country where rice, fruit, vegetables and tobacco grow wild and the seas abound in fishes. They are

great smokers. Men, women and children smoke pipes, or if they can afford it, immense cigars.

Imagine our delight when as we made a sudden turn we beheld the stars and stripes floating in the tropical breeze. We had then reached Agana. It is a flourishing little town, as far as that term goes in that part of the world. It is called the cleanest town in all the tropics. Since our government has been established there, and especially within the last few years, progress has been marked. Some of the things that have been done are: The establishment of a board of health, a board of education, and a board of general aid, the building of hospitals, provided with efficient nurses, the setting aside of a place for the leper colony and the establishment of experiment stations. It is built like a Spanish town, with its plaza surrounded by the government buildings—the school, the army and navy club, the old cathedral and parks joining these.

The Lure of the Crowd

Elsie Anderson, '17, Adelphian

I am only one of the common crowd;
 I belong to it body and mind and soul;
 The call of manhood is not so loud,
 But that I with its tide shall smoothly roll.

I turn with the crowd and revile the Jew
 Who once rejected One higher than men;
 But I would have crucified Him too
 With the crowd, had I been living then.

I clamor too with the crowd for the right,
 And cry with them for laws that are just;
 But I follow them after men of might;
 And blindly aid in their deeds I must.

When there comes a man who is truly great,
 I with the crowd will always cheer
 Till against him is turned the hand of Fate;
 Then I with the crowd will also sneer.

I know that truth must one day win,
 But you clearly see I cannot be odd;
 Though standing alone is not a sin;
 I must ever follow the beckoning nod.

Minds weren't given to us to use;
 Just do as the fellow next to you.
 'Twixt right and wrong it is not to choose;
 Follow, follow, it matters not who.

To darkest death without a will,
 I the crowd will follow still.
 To Heaven I'll go without a care
 If the crowd will only take me there.

The Return

Sarah Perrin Shuford, '14, Cornelian

As the train slowed down at the brand new, little town station, a man stepped off and for a long minute stood looking about him. He was a large, heavy-set fellow with a thick shock of rough hair, and well formed, iron features. The expression of his shrewd eyes, the thick muscles of his neck, his very movements—all proclaimed the man who was consciously masterful.

The bystanders gazed at him curiously as he strode by them. Many of their faces were familiar to him but during the fifteen years of his absence he had forgotten their names. Furthermore, he was not interested in them. Why should he be? And certainly very few of them recognized him as the young John Storr who had left the village so long ago.

In obedience to Storr's curt command, the town hack carried him to the gate of a pretty, modern house where his sister received him quite cordially though a little timidly. She hesitated anxiously as she greeted him, wondering whether she should kiss him. She had never used to kiss him when he came or went, but probably after fifteen years' absence he would expect it. So she closed her eyes and dabbed nervously at his lips with hers. He bore the infliction very nicely on the whole. Like his sister, he felt that it was the proper thing to do after fifteen years of absence.

He asked her many questions about her husband and her home, and looked over her children with genuine interest, noting approvingly that they were all healthy and unspoiled. He felt much gratified with her answers to his inquiries for they assured him that he had been wise when he had married her to the man of *his* choice.

Presently her husband came home from his office and guests dropped in to dinner. They all welcomed Storr home with a sort of respectful adoration that might have flattered a man less accustomed to it. Storr, himself, tried to be very

friendly, asking with some interest of town affairs and speaking often—as was meet—of his own success and accumulated fortune. On the whole it was a very pleasant evening except for the fact that the guests were a little too much overawed and the sister a little too nervously anxious to be quite comfortable.

When the visitors had gone and the husband with a mumbled apology about a hard day at the office, had retired, Storr drew his sister into a chair beside him and asked in even tones the one question that had surged through his brain all evening, the one question that had driven him away from his business on this unwilling journey home, the one question that had haunted him for fifteen years.

“What has become of Juanita?”

His sister started violently and turned wondering eyes upon him. She had supposed that he had forgotten Juanita even as he had told her he would forget on that long past day when she had refused to marry him. Did he still love her? The romance that lives in every woman rose in his sister’s heart and swept away the wonder.

“John!” she began tremulously.

“My dear sister,” he interrupted with cold emphasis, fighting desperately to hide even from the sympathetic eyes of the woman beside him the strong feeling that surged through him.

“My dear sister,” he said slowly, “I am merely asking about an old friend of my boyhood. It is perfectly natural that I should feel some interest in the girls and boys with whom I grew up. Can you tell me briefly and calmly?”

And then his sister told him the pitiful story of Juanita. She spared none of the details, softened none of the harshness, for even after fifteen years, she was still a little resentful toward the girl who had preferred a poor newspaper reporter to John Storr.

It was not an unusual story. It began with the loss of a job on a big newspaper because of radical political views; it spoke of a hopeless series of misfortunes and ill health, and ended in poverty and increasing toil. It was not an unusual story, but the tragedy of it shook the iron self-con-

trol of the man who listened. His big hand closed over the arm of his chair.

"God!" he gasped, "I could kill him! Juanita! My Nita to live like that!"

Then he remembered himself and leaned back in his chair, only the tense muscles of his powerful jaws betraying his passion.

When he spoke again it was harshly but very calmly.

"If she had married me," he said, "I would have made her as happy as a queen. I would have given her a beautiful home, money—all the money she could spend—I would have given her everything that a woman needs to make her happy. And all that I would have asked of her would have been that she obey me and be faithful to me. But because Harding was a handsome devil—because he kissed her hand and made pretty speeches, she married him and sent me away. She was a wilful little minx and proud. But she has paid—she has paid—"

The next morning, guided by his sister's directions, John Storr found the little house where Juanita Harding lived. He took in at a glance all the pitiful poverty of the place and the still more pitiful effort to soften the bareness and ugliness. He swore over the gray, unpainted walls and sagging steps; he choked over the little clinging vines that her hands must have planted.

When he went in, Juanita herself met him at the door—not the old, dashing, proud, exquisite Juanita but still Juanita. Her hands were hardened by years of work but not her smile. Her dress was shabby and cheap, but never her manner. She was gray and worn and a little stooped, and yet in the light of her happy eyes, the man forgot to pity her.

She welcomed him into her bare little sitting room where her children were playing. She talked to him merrily of the old days, sweetly of later years. When he asked her questions concerning her life, she answered him quite frankly. He had expected her to cover the harshness and sordidness of that life with her old pride. But he was mistaken. To Juanita, there had been no harshness nor sordidness, and she was too happy to be very proud.

Later, Harding came in to lunch. He was worn and shabby too—no longer handsome, but evidently still at his old tricks of vacant flattery, for Storr distinctly saw him kiss Juanita's hand when she met him at the door. And the old "pretty speeches" slipped off his tongue with all their former ease.

That night Storr sat alone in his room. His face looked weary and haggard. A questioning look lay in his eyes. For the first time in his life, his confidence in himself was shaken. He felt hurt and humbled, and worst of all, he could not understand this thing that had wounded him. What was it that Harding, poor devil, had which he, John Storr, lacked? The other man—ah! there was no doubt of it—the other man had won Juanita's heart and kept it happy.

Weary of endlessly groping for an answer, Storr picked up a book from the table beside him. It was a copy of Avery's "Idle Comments". He opened it carelessly and glanced at the page. The words before him burned themselves upon his brain: "Women—the oldest women—still retain girlishness, and men forget, in their ambition or business cares, that women do not lose sentiment or dainty fineness or wish for notice of little bits of feminine things. There is a man who kisses his wife's hand and still admires his wife's feet, and she is over seventy and as happy as a queen."

History of the French in North Carolina

Audrey Kennette, '14, Cornelian

On the twenty-second of October, 1685, the Edict of Nantes, which confirmed to the Protestants of France a conditional toleration, was formally revoked, and all public worship forbidden them. By this act all marriages were considered null, property confiscated, and as far as possible, the Huguenots were excluded from public offices and guilds of tradesmen or merchants.

The Huguenots from this time on were severely oppressed, and all who were able emigrated to Germany, Spain, and America.

Louis XIV soon saw that he was driving from France many of his best subjects; and desiring to convert, not to force away his people, he followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by another act which forbade emigration under penalty of the gallows.

The severe persecution of the Protestants, however, continued and every day new indignities were heaped upon them. Many of the Huguenots rather than endure the inflictions and restrictions dared to leave. About 5,000 succeeded in escaping from France. Of these a great number went to European countries. Probably 2,000 came to America. Of the number who came to America a few settled in the north, but these soon moved southward; about 450 settled in Charleston, this was the largest settlement made; some in Virginia on the James River, most of these later moved to North Carolina; the rest were scattered and in such small groups that we hear practically nothing of them except as individuals.

Of the French in North Carolina we have record of two settlements made, and have reason to believe that from time to time other French families and individuals came and settled.

In 1690 a colony of French came from the James River in Virginia and settled on the Pamlico River. In 1706 another

colony from the James River came and settled near the Neuse and Trent Rivers. We do not know the number of people in either of these colonies, but both were evidently very small. They made their settlements about the time the Swiss and Germans under Baron De Graffenried settled on Neuse and Trent; the French are mentioned in history in connection with De Graffenried's colony and as a part of it.

Because of the act forbidding emigration, the French were unable to leave their native country except in small groups. Consequently their settlements were very much smaller than the English, German, and Scotch settlements. This prevented them from exerting their influence as a nationality. The only place where their influence was exercised as a whole was at Charleston. Here about 450 Huguenots had settled. By seeing what these people accomplished and the position they held in South Carolina we may be able to understand the influence the French in North Carolina had on a proportionately small scale. The Huguenot in Charleston became the powerful faction. They were the political and social leaders. Charleston became the home of the wealthy aristocrats, noted for their culture and refinement.

The Cape Fear section in which many of the French settled was, says the James Sprunt Monograph, "conspicuous for the wealth, the intelligence, the hospitality, the elegant manners and public spirit of its citizens". The French families of which we can learn practically all belonged to this class. We find them friends and relatives of the most influential and eminent citizens of North Carolina. This alone would indicate that they were deemed worthy of holding a high place in the estimation of the people. Other things tend to support this conclusion.

From the historians we find such statements as these:

"The Huguenots were a valuable acquisition to the colonies. In the south they planted large vineyards and made wine."

"Every wise government was eager to offer a refuge to these upright men who would carry to another country the arts, the skill in manufactures, and the wealth of France."

“The Huguenots in moral worth and intelligence, were of the best of the French.”

A few of these Huguenots who came to North Carolina were of the nobility; many of the middle class. They were as a whole well educated and wealthy and skilled in some profession. All were industrious and ambitious people. Because of these characteristics they were welcomed into the colony.

It is true that the French excited very little interest by their coming and that the historians barely mention it, pausing only to give dates, place of settlement, and to comment briefly on their value to the colony. This is explained by the fact that there were not enough French in the state to attract particular attention to their ability, to their chief characteristics, and to their political and social position.

Another reason why the French have received so little attention from the historians is because their influence, as I have stated before, was not exerted as a nationality, but through individuals. The small number of French made it impossible to keep their identity, and as they intermarried with other nationalities, largely English, the French as a colony disappeared. In a few years after their settlement their influence could be traced only in Huguenot descent.

The work and position of the Huguenots in North Carolina can best be shown by a brief sketch of some of their most distinguished men and families.

For this purpose let us trace the De Rosset family. Armand De Rosset, an M. D., of Basle University, emigrated with his wife and three children in 1735, and settled in Wilmington. Armand De Rosset was of an old Huguenot family expelled from France during the Protestant persecution. He was a great friend of McNeil, McDonald, Ashe, and Fanning. He, like most of the other Huguenots in North Carolina, took the side of England before the Revolution. He was grateful to the country which had offered him a home when he was an exile, and he felt it his duty to uphold the power of the government which had protected him.

His eldest son, Louis Henry De Rosset, born in 1724, was, says Sabine, “a cultivated and elegant gentleman.” He be-

came a prominent and useful citizen, as is shown by the positions he held. In 1751 he was a member of the lower house of the General Assembly. For a number of years he was chairman of accounts and a justice of the peace; from 1752 until the Revolution a member of the Provincial Council. In 1754 he became commissioner for preparing and committing 40,000 pounds proclamation money. He was also Receiver General of the King's Quit Rents, but resigned that office in 1761 to become Lieutenant General. During the war he allied himself with the Tories. In time of peace he was a merchant and planter. During this time the French Government under Louis XVI offered him the restoration of his titles and estates, if he would return and enter the Roman Catholic Church. This offer he promptly refused. In 1778 Louis Henry De Rosset left North Carolina. Armand De Rosset's second son, Moses John De Rosset, born 1726, became a useful doctor. He too was prominent in public affairs and was at one time mayor of Wilmington. Armand John De Rosset, the son of Moses John De Rosset, followed his father's profession and made several important medical discoveries. He was recognized by the men of his time as an honor to the medical profession. Armand John De Rosset had two sons, Moses John De Rosset and Armand J. De Rosset. Both were doctors and did much for their profession. A letter written by Marshal Saxe shows they were highly regarded by great men of the period.

Joshua G. Swift tells us of a young Frenchman who escaped from France in 1797 and came to North Carolina. When he left France he changed his name to Alexander Miller. Swift describes him as having remarkable personal beauty and elegance of manner, and liked by all. Alexander Miller earned his bread by teaching piano, violin, and drawing. In this phase of work he probably excelled many of the other North Carolinians as the arts in Carolina were not taught then so much as now.

Another Frenchman who was given a place of honor was Francois Xavier Martin. In 1782 at the age of twenty, he came to New Bern and taught school. Later he published a paper, then practiced law. In 1771 he was appointed Gov-

error. He was not, however, able to cope with the situation during the beginning of war. For this he has been rigorously censured particularly by historians. In my opinion he does not deserve this censure in such a marked degree, for as Governor, he was doing his duty as he considered it.

In connection with the coming of the Huguenots into the Carolinas Bancroft gives the following paragraph:

“The hall of the town of Boston, famed as ‘the cradle of liberty’, the treaty that gave to the United States peace with independence and the Mississippi for boundary, the name of the oldest college in Maine—bear witness to the public virtues of American descendants of the Huguenots.”

He does not state who these people were nor from which of the Carolinas they originally came, but it is as reasonable to suppose that their forefathers were from North Carolina as from South Carolina.

Even though we hear very little about the services of the French in North Carolina, in comparison with the services of the English, German, and Scotch, we can, I think, safely say they have faithfully contributed their share in the upbuilding of our state.

Dawn

May McQueen, '14, Adelpbian

A perfect dawn. One radiant star
Hung lone in space—no mist to mar
The sun's first kiss on heaven's blue.
'Twas then my tho't was, Love, of you.

I lay and listened to the notes
That came from swelling feathered throats,
And wondered if they sang to you
Of love Divine and mortal too.

My heart rose up to Him above,
Who only knows the perfect love,
In thanks for that one priceless ray,
The light of all our earthly day.

Buster and the Turkey Gobbler

Ruth Harris, '15, Adelpkian

"Dar now," murmured Aunt Charity as she locked the door of her cabin and tied the key to her pocket handkerchief, "I jes' betcher dem dah niggars, Roosevelt Theodore McCoy and Babe, ain't gwine cut no shines dis time."

Balancing a basket of freshly ironed clothes on her head, Aunt Charity set off down the road, arms akimbo. As her squabby figure waddled out of sight, a wooden shutter opened carefully, and up popped two woolly heads and two pairs of china white eyes.

"Gobble, gobble, gobble!" went the old turkey gobbler in the yard.

"Shet yo' mouf, shet yo' mouf!" screamed out Roosevelt Theodore McCoy, otherwise called "Buster" for short.

"Shet yo' mouf! shet yo' mouf!" echoed Babe.

"Gobble, gobble, gobble!" replied old turkey gobbler. And he walked with a prouder strut than before, and spread his tail feathers just to tantalize two little locked-up pickaninies. It was maddening to have the proud old bird flaunt his freedom in their faces in any such disdainful manner.

Suddenly Buster raised his arm—and biff! an old shoe hit the sand where turkey gobbler's feet had been resting just before he jumped to save his toes.

"You ole fool you!" hissed Buster.

But old turkey gobbler never minded a bit. He simply flew to the top of the woodpile and gobbled vociferously.

Now the faces at the window disappeared and there was a great scraping and bumping within. Presently two yellow legs waved wildly in the air, and Roosevelt Theodore McCoy emerged backwards into the open air and freedom. Dropping to the ground he disappeared behind the cabin, and presently returned with a big dish of "greens" and cornbread.

"Gobble, gobble, gobble!" remonstrated old turkey gobbler.

"Shet up, you ole fool!" yelled Buster. And strange to say, old turkey gobbler did "shet up".

"Lemme out, Buster! Come'n hope me git out!" howled Babe.

"Um-m, dis good," murmured Buster, smacking his lips.

"Lemme out! Lemme out! If yah don't I'se gwine tell maw, I'se gwine tell 'er yah done et up all der suppah!" threatened Babe.

"If ah hopes yah out, yah gwine tell on me?"

"Nope, if yah'll gimme some."

"Cross yah heart?"

"Yaah, cross mah heart'n raise mah right han'," agreed Babe.

Whereupon Buster set his greens and cornbread down, and standing on an old goods-box, proceeded to fish Babe out of the window.

All the while old turkey gobbler maintained an ominous silence.

"Laws a massy! Look!" screamed Babe suddenly, "dat turkey gobbler done et up all dem greens!"

"Dog gone yah!" yelled Buster, making a wild dash forward.

But old turkey gobbler was too quick for Buster. Choking down the last bite of corn pone he flew victoriously to the top of the woodpile.

"Babe McCoy, let me tell yah sump'm," whispered Roosevelt Theodore mysteriously.

"Whut? Whut?"

"Why, yah heahs how dat ole tukey done been agoin' right hoarse lak all day, doan cher?"

"Yaas, I heahs him," returned Babe.

"Well, I spec, I jes, natchully knows dat dat air tukey done gone 'n tuk der whoopin' cough lak I cotch fum ole Sallie Simpson's niggah—es listen at 'im now—'n if we doan watch out de red rooster's gwine hab it, 'n den der hens gwine cotch it, 'n den de bantum gwine hab it, den you'se gwine hab it, and we all gwine hab it. An' der only ting we kin do is ter kill 'im 'n frow him in"—but here Buster's voice sank in an excited whisper.

Soon there arose a great cackling among the chickens as four pairs of yellow legs flew around and around the cabin in pursuit of one big gobbling turkey. It was a fight against odds, however, and presently Buster set out towards the creek that flowed down below the garden patch while Babe tagged along behind dangling a bloody head by a string.

When Aunt Charity returned—but why make a short story long? Suffice it to say that Aunt Charity fully believed in the maxim, “spare the rod and spoil the child,” and when last seen she was wabbling excitedly toward the creek with a hickory stick.

Molds

Vera Millsaps, '15, Cornelian

The molds are among the most widespread of all the plants in the world, and for this reason, if for no other, they should claim our attention. But there are greater reasons. They furnish or flavor a few foods, their action is very important in the decay of organic matter, and their destructive activities upon all kinds of fruit, grains, tubers, etc., claim the strictest attention of the agriculturalist. We shall investigate the nature of these little plants and the two great classes into which they are divided.

The molds are fungi of considerable size, easily visible to the naked eye. Their little spores, which are microscopic, germinate and form hyphae. The hyphae grow together where they touch each other, thus giving rise to a felted network called the mycelium. The mycelium assumes many different forms; sometimes it appears as a threadlike, cobwebby, loose tissue; less frequently as firm strands, thin or thick membranes, horn-like plates or tuber-like bodies. The mycelium form aerial hyphae for the sole purpose of reproducing, and submerged hyphae for the sole purpose of getting food. The aerial hyphae sometimes have little knobs on their ends which contain hundreds of little spores. Others have little knobs growing on the outside of the enlarged end of the aerial hyphae, or several little branches arising from a single stem that break up into little round bodies, or spores. These spores are spread far and wide by currents of air and by water; insects and animals also assist in disseminating them.

The ordinary germination of mold spores occurs by the spores' emitting a germ tube which immediately develops into a hypha. The length of time for which these spores containing a large amount of water can retain their power of germination is only a few weeks. It has been observed in some spores that the faculty of germination can be preserved for several years provided the conditions necessary for germination remain absent.

The temperature most favorable to the growth of molds is 20 degrees C. However, they will grow anywhere between 20 degrees C and 40 degrees C.

Since the molds are fungi and have no chlorophyl, they are incapable of assimilating CO². This absence of chlorophyl is not, probably, a primitive condition, and they are presumably derived from algal forms with chlorophyl. The fungi are thus forced to live as saprophytes—that is, living upon dead organic matter; or as parasites—that is, living upon living plants and animals.

Many plants are absolutely dependent upon living organisms, so-called “obligate parasites”. Less frequently a fungus which is ordinarily a saprophyte may assume parasitic habits, that is, it becomes a “facultaline parasite”. Some species are dependent upon a specific host, but more commonly, they may grow again upon several different hosts.

We see, therefore, that the molds really fall into two great divisions called the saprophytes and the parasites. To this first class belong the toadstools, mushrooms, and part of the molds which live at the expense of dead or decaying plant or animal matter. When the spore of a toadstool falls on the ground, it sends out a little tube into the rich earth. After this tube has grown between the particles a little way, it develops branches that push about between the decaying bits of organic matter and absorb materials of growth from them.

The large, massive, shelf-shaped fungi which grow upon the trunks of trees and dead stumps are familiar examples of the saprophytic molds. The blue mold is one of the best known. It grows on almost any organic matter, and is the most ubiquitous of all molds. There is another familiar mold, mostly saprophytic but sometimes parasitic, popularly known as the black mold, since the spores and fruiting hyphae are usually black. This common mold forms a dense, fleecy, white mycelium upon the surface of many articles of food, and appears spontaneously upon bread exposed to a moist, warm atmosphere.

The water fungi live as saprophytes on organic remains lying in the water, such as dead insects, worms, remains of plants and animals; but they may also make their appearance

on living animals, being frequently found on young trout in rearing establishments. As a rule they attack living beings in wounded places; but it seems that the disease can easily be transmitted from one fish, for example, to another for it has been noticed that if an infected fish is left in an aquarium the whole lot becomes infected.

The saprophytic molds grow best on the land where the humus layer is not too thick and where sand and clay occur at no great depth. They grow especially well on the ground in forests where there is a layer of rotting vegetation. They are found in great abundance along the coasts in contaminated sea water, and in other collections of water which contain productions of putrefaction.

The next class of molds, called parasites, have mycelia which possess the power of drawing their food from their hosts either by the entire surface of their filamentous cells or by club-like outgrowths of the same. The hyphae attack the plants in different ways. Some creep around on the surface of the plant and enter the pores of the leaves; others attack the plants in places where they have been broken by the wind or by animals; others just force a way through wherever they choose. The tips of some hyphae effect an entrance by the secretion of a poison and a ferment which soften and destroy the cells.

The hyphae grow faster as they penetrate deeper into the host. Some grow right through the woody cells of the tree itself. Others busy themselves in the intercellular spaces and send out lateral growth into adjoining intercellular spaces, and, upon entering the interior of the cells, swell up to the shape of a club. By means of these clubs, which are named haustoria, the parasite sucks its food from the living substance of the penetrated cells.

The fact that a plant is thus invaded internally by the mycelia of parasitic fungi is not always apparent by its external appearance. It is not until the mycelia need once more to multiply and distribute their kind that they emerge partially from the host. They then lift their spore-forming hyphae above the surface, leaving it to the wind to distribute the spores as they are detached.

Mildews differ a little from the parasites whose hyphae penetrate into the interior of their hosts. They attack the tender green leaves, stems, and young fruits, and accomplish their entire development upon the epidermal cells of the hosts. The hyphae open the outer walls of these cells, and then develop growths which enter the cells, assume a club-like form, and exhaust the cell contents.

The parasites which live on the surface of the host plant are termed epiphytes, and those living within its tissues are termed endophytes.

There is a fungus parasitic in the caterpillar and the pupae of flies. Such a fungus often attacks houseflies and causes a regular epidemic among them in the autumn. Parasitic fungi have also been observed in the human skin and recognized as the cause of some skin diseases. For instance, to a certain mold is due the disease of the skin popularly known as "honey-combed ring worm," and named favus by the doctors. Dandruff is caused by molds. One class of these has a remarkable effect on the hair, causing it to fall out and the part of the skin affected to become bald.

Parasitic fungi are the principal cause of plant diseases. They are of exceeding importance where growing crops are in question. They develop at the expense of the living plants, thus bringing disease and death to many crops, and causing the myriad forms of fungous diseases that destroy millions of dollars worth of farm and garden produce every year.

The most common parasites which are so destructive are rots, wilts, smuts, mildews, rusts, and blights. The rots are especially to be dreaded by fruit growers. The brown rot of stone fruits causes great losses every year. In 1897, an almost total loss of the crop in Alabama was reported. The worst year in the history of the commercial peach and plum growing industry in Georgia was the year 1900. Forty per cent. of their crop was lost. This meant a loss of \$50,000 to \$90,000 for Georgia alone. The brown rot of the lemon was so destructive in California a few years ago that the entire loss of the industry was threatened. Wilts, as the name indicates, are characterized by a damping away of the plants. They are very destructive and are much dreaded by truck

growers. The tomato plants seem especially subject to this disease. Of the smuts, the corn-smuts are probably the most familiar to the American student. Besides these there are the loose smuts of wheat and oats. These smuts are characterized by their black spores. The rusts are among the most destructive parasites. The number of species is probably not far from 2,000. The cobwebby mycelium of the mildew is usually found on the leaves of the plants. Irish potatoes seem especially subject to the destructive blight. The mycelia of this fungus often goes down into the tuber and spends the winter there, and is ready to put in its deadly work again the next year. The blight, as a general rule, has no definite meaning but is applied to almost anything that causes a general wilting and destruction of plants. The best preventative for all these fungous diseases is spraying at regular intervals with a good fungicide. The best spray for general use as a fungicide is the Bordeaux Mixture. The formula for it is as follows:

Copper sulphate	3 to 6 lbs.
Quick lime	3 to 6 lbs.
Water	50 gals.

Six pounds of copper sulphate is harmful to the trees when in foliage, but does not hurt the dormant trees. It is well to add a little of one of the arsenical sprays and thus kill both the insects and the fungi at the same time. A simple remedy for the prevention of mildews on roses, etc., is to dust flowers of sulphur mixed with one third of its volume of slaked lime on the foliage.

In some cases, as in the case with blight, it helps greatly to rotate the crops.

A special form of parasitism, called symbiosis (a living together) is exhibited by a number of fungi. The most familiar of these are the lichens where a fungus is intimately associated with an alga, upon which it is a parasite to a greater or less extent, but to which it affords shelter and probably certain food elements so that the association is to some extent advantageous. The fungus forms the largest portion of the lichen, enclosing the Alga completely within the network

formed by its mycelium. The fungus produces the reproductive organs, and absorbs the inorganic nourishment through the rootlets, whilst the alga supplies it with organic materials. As a result of this, the lichens, differing from other fungi, need light for the development of their nutritive organs, and are therefore, in any case, internally of a more or less greenish color. If the mycelium of the lichen does not come in contact with the proper algal cells soon after its germination, it dies as soon as it has exhausted the food materials within the spore.

The number of lichens is very large and they are of almost universal distribution. Their peculiar structure enables them to grow where scarcely any other vegetation is possible, this being especially the case on exposed rocks where lichens are among the first organisms to appear. They play an important role in the decomposition of rocks, being able, by the development of certain special solvent substances to disintegrate such hard rocks as granite and gneiso. About 2,000 species are known. Some like the reindeer moss, grow upon the ground in immense quantities, some of the large fruiting forms, and the vivid yellow kind of the Sierra Nevada, are very conspicuous, but most of them are inconspicuous, forming crusts upon exposed surfaces of rocks, trees, fences, and other such places.

The lichens furnish the entire food for the reindeer and at times of scarcity the poor peasants in the far north are compelled to eat them. They have also been used to some extent in dyeing and medicine making.

The statement that nature makes everything work is no truer anywhere than in the case of molds. The hundreds of different kinds scattered almost all over the earth are constantly at work. Their chief utility is in the decomposition of wood. If it were not for some agent of decomposition, the food material of the world would in time become stored away in wood, but the molds play a great part in decomposing it. They also give a certain flavor to cheese. With these exceptions, the molds are busy trying to wrest the life from the flowers, fruits, and vegetable growth of the world and often cause great destruction and loss of money.

The Serenader

Daisy Hendley, '16, Adelpian

The full moon slowly mounted the eastern sky. Before its brilliancy the stars turned pale. It was as though its radiance cast a shimmering veil over them. An almost perfect June night it seemed, as the moonlight shone across the dewy lawn, upon the gabled roof of the big, stately country house. The perfume of the southern roses was in the air. A mocking bird was singing a soft love song from nearby. Then there came upon the scene the one thing needed to make it perfect, a young man with a guitar. He knew, even as the mocking bird knew, that tonight, of all nights, was the time to go a-wooing.

Henry loved Annette. He had never told her of his love, except as tender glances and meaning phrases do tell. And he never would see a moment's peace with that unruly heart of his, until he had told the maiden of his choice that he loved her. He had planned many times to tell her, but something had always prevented. One evening, as he and she were sitting on the porch, he had begun, "Annette, I love—" when Sallie, the half-witted maid, suddenly appeared and demanded, with her customary silly giggle, the paper he was sitting on, "please, 'cause Mr. Spoker wanted it." How he hated that maid and that giggle!

So tonight he would tell Annette in the most delicate, the most touching way possible, that she was his heart's dearest. Surely she could not turn a deaf ear to him on this night, this lover's night. As he walked toward the house, he hesitated a moment. Which room was hers? Nobody had ever told him. How could he know? Then it suddenly flashed over him that the dormer window somewhat towards the back of the house was Annette's. He went towards it thinking how his heart that loved could divine so promptly which room belonged to his sweetheart. Beneath the dormer window he paused. He seemed to feel Annette's presence up there.

Could she be dreaming of him, or was she awake, drinking in the glories of the night and thinking of him?

Then he began to sing. His fine tenor voice, rising soft and pleading, accompanied by the melodious twang of the guitar, all atune with the night, the mocking bird, and the roses, was enough to win any girl's heart. First he sang "Kathleen Mavourneen," then another love song full of longing, "My Adeline". Happy should be the girl to whom that wonderful voice declared, "For thee I pine." He had the night, the theme, the voice, and he made the best of all of them. Was it all lost on deaf ears? No. Some one came softly to the casement above. Still the young man sang on. His tall form swaying ever so gently in the soft moonlight, his shapely head thrown slightly back. He did look handsome. Who ever was at the window above must admit that. The singer knew that someone had crept to the window, and he knew it was Annette. His heart prompted him. If only she would show her face for one second, if only she would sigh ever so gently, he would be content. Then he began a song such as Spanish Cavaliers were wont to sing beneath their ladies' bowers, a song fraught with delirious love and tender passion. Only a noble breast could entertain such feelings as that song spoke of. Henry's voice did it full justice. From his heart, even as from his lips, came all the passionate affection the song told of. Just as the adorable tenor filled with all the passion in its owner's heart, plead, "Come, to my heart, my own, my sweet, and dwell forever," the window shutter above softly opened, and a giggle, harsh and foolish, fell on the singer's ears. Henry knew that giggle. It belonged to no other creature than the maid, Sallie.

The song died on the young man's lips. The sound of the guitar ceased with a discordant moan. A minute later a tall young fellow with a guitar under his arm was slinking in the shadow of the trees toward the road.

Henry never felt quite at ease until he discovered that his sweetheart's room was on the opposite side of the house from where he gave his serenade, and until he had extorted from Sallie a promise never to mention the entertainment he

afforded her that June night. He did finally tell Annette he loved her, but he whispered it in her ear one evening when he and she were seated in the garden alone. He had seen Sallie go out of sight up the road ten minutes before.

Twilight

Arey H. Lipe, '16, Cornelian

When day is dying and night draws nigh
 And shades of evening veil the sky,
 Where violets sleep
 And zephyrs creep,
 Is born the twilight.

When the golden lights of closing day
 Send the chirping birds to sleep away,
 Where flowers rest
 On Nature's breast,
 Deepens the twilight.

When rising billows of purpling cloud
 The sunset's shining beauties shroud,
 Where dark streams glide
 And moon-beams slide,
 Fast dies the twilight.

The First Christmas in America

Margaret Sparger, '14, Adelprian

Thoughts of the first Christmas in that then new and strange land, America, are inclined to fill us with a reverential awe, and we like to imagine the colonists striving to keep alive the spirit of the English Christmas. We see the older people casting wistful eyes toward the old land; the younger ones rejoicing in the wonder and delight of the new.

But while we are delighting in this picture, we are forgetting that stern spirit of the Puritans, a spirit which made them hate anything savoring of worldly pomp. It was just before Christmas when they reached Plymouth. When Christmas day, cold, stormy, and depressing, dawned, they had no shelter, no homes, and they spent their first Christmas hewing trees, moving rocks, and erecting homes. Christmas passed unnoticed. The only person who thought about it was the gruff old captain of the Mayflower, who, after the hard day's work was done and the evening meal finished, told the sailors that they might take their Christmas.

By the next Christmas another ship load of people had come to Plymouth and among these some rather rebellious young men. They refused to go on with their regular work, and, when ordered to do so, said that their consciences would not allow them to work on Christmas. Then their old governor, General Wm. Bradford, who would have preferred killing a man to forcing him to disregard his conscience, told them that they need not work. But when he saw them laughing, playing at throwing the bar and "such like old games" he became very angry and took away from them their implements of sport, saying that if their conscience would not allow them to work on Christmas he would certainly not allow them to sport while others worked.

The Virginians came chiefly from the Cavalier stock and their Christmas more nearly measures up to our conception. Although filled with anxiety because their beloved Captain

John Smith was the captive of Powhatan, they tried to make this their first Christmas in America similar to those they had spent in England. The following extract from a letter written by one of the colonists gives us a good idea of the day. He writes, "The extreme cold, rain, frost, snow caused us to keep Christmas among the savages, where we were never more merry, nor had more good oysters, fish, flesh, wild fowl, good bread, nor ever had had better fires in England."

In real Christmas celebrations among the colonists, the Knickerbockers in New York, easily led. They had no religious scruples and they were naturally fond of such things. Not only could everyone who wished stop work on Christmas day itself, but Christmas was drawn out to include New Year's Day also. The local government took care to see that every one, rich and poor, big and little, enjoyed the holidays. No business, except the most urgent, was conducted for weeks before or afterward. Among these people Saint Nicholas first made his appearance. He was, then as now, the patron saint of the children. An old man, at least old enough to have a long, gray beard and flowing white hair, and yet young enough to carry an enormous pack on his back, and to climb the very steepest chimneys, he did not miss a single one of those little children on that first Christmas eve. And they to show their joy and thanks to him, sang in his honor :

Sint Nicolaas, good heilig man
Trekt un' best en tabbaard an,
En reist daarmee naar Amsterdam
Van Amsterdam naar Spanje
Vaar appelsen van Oranje
En appelsen van granaten
Rollen door de straten
Sint Nicolaas, mein goden vriend
Ik heb u altyd vel gediend
Als gy my nu vat wilt giben
Tal ik u dinen als myn liben.

The Life of Wordsworth

Mary Bobbitt Powell, '16, Cornelian

Every person may be said to have two lives. One may be called an external life, and the other an inner life. The external life is the history of a person viewed as a whole by the world about him; the inner life is the record of the deeds, the thoughts, the conflicts, and the joys that oftentimes are known only to the person himself and occasionally to a few of his most intimate friends. Now this account of the life of Wordsworth is not to be as the outside world sees the life of a great man, but as he himself knows it to be. It will give as truly as possible the inner side of his life, and in order to present this real life, we will go for our information to the "Prelude" where Wordsworth records in his own words the history of his mind.

Wordsworth's youth was a joyous one. At five years of age it was his delight to play at the mill and to bask in the sunlight. He would roam over the sandy plains and pull the bright wild flowers as if by nature he belonged among them. He was a Hiawatha of the fields, playing through the woods and running abroad for all kinds of loved sports. It was his joy when a little older to pass half the night on the hills where the frost had made the leaves crisp and rusty and to go to the traps which he and the boys of his neighborhood had set. Indeed, with the approach of every season, he found new joys. These joys in outdoor sports are common to most children; yet it is the way in which nature impressed Wordsworth that makes them significant in a study of his life. Nature affected his deeds, his thoughts, his conflicts, and his joys. The river and the lofty mountains inspired him with zeal and ambitions. He felt their influence in his work. They turned him from a life of contradiction, and directed him into that path in which lay Wisdom and the Spirit of the Universe. Nature molded his thoughts too. Wordsworth tells us that his soul had a fair seed time

and that he grew up fostered by beauty. Thus he did not think of the inferior works of man, but he was filled with high objects which purified his thoughts and feelings. And in the various seasons, on dark November days, and on cold frosty days, he held lonely communication with nature. Nature was with him in his conflicts. When he had done wrong his conscience would assume a natural form and low breathings would follow him, or at other times some crag or peak would take a huge shape that troubled his dreams. And in his joys nature impressed him still. For in his sports upon the frozen pond or in the woods following the hunters, nature spoke unforgettable things to him, and often drew him from his pleasures to muse in some lonely spot.

Wordsworth spent his first school days at Hawkshead, a small village in a beautiful country. His life here was free and untroubled. He left the care of his studies in the school room, and outside he lived in a continuous round of games and pleasures. He and his schoolmates were accustomed to hold high revels until late at night, to indulge in treats and picnics, and with the adventurous spirits of boys, to go on secret trips to some old historic place. But Wordsworth on all these joyous occasions felt the presence of the rocks and streams, and amid his pleasures nature held him like one in a dream. It gripped him too in his vacations, the most joyous of all his schooltime, and he tells us that he felt perhaps too much the self-sufficing power of solitude. During this period of his life, the incidental charms of nature grew weaker to Wordsworth and he began to love her for herself.

The change from school life at Hawkshead to college life at Cambridge was not in all respects a pleasant one. Wordsworth was not fond of college labors and did not seek glory in his studies. Oftentimes he would leave his comrades and steal out alone to the level fields. His mind on such occasions seemed awakened and roused. He looked for universal things and communed with the earth and sky. Yet this period was by no means without companionship, for with his friends and acquaintances he often played and talked in the mornings, or read with them in the long evenings.

Wordsworth's vacations were the most pleasant of his college days as well as of his other school days. On one of these he revisited with great joy his old home. Here his days were spent in much the same way as those of his earlier vacations; only the joys which he took in the external forms of nature in those days had been replaced by a deep and abiding love. During one of these vacations on a glorious morning his soul was deeply touched and his heart was full. He himself made no vows; yet it seemed that vows were made for him and from that time he became a dedicated spirit.

As the years passed, Wordsworth's love of nature continued or rather grew and the fullness of his spirit increased. Out of this love of nature came the greatest quality of Wordsworth; for love of nature led to love of man. The first men whom he loved were those who lived nearest to nature—the shepherds. He daily saw them on the tops of mountains or in the deep valleys; he saw them lead their flocks through the dewy passes and up among the bare peaks. Thus as his love for nature had grown, so his love for man was a gradual growth. First man was loved for his association with nature, second for himself. This love for human nature was fostered in the great London. Wordsworth says that his experience in the city was like that of a curious traveller who comes from open day into some dark cave where at first all is dim and indistinguishable. But gradually the scene resolves into its parts; the shapes take life, and finally the eye can perceive the most minute detail.

We pass quickly over the rest of Wordsworth's life. Sometimes it was a repetition and sometimes it was a deepening of his former experiences. Throughout his life he walked steadily in the course that his youth had indicated. We have discussed his youth and early manhood at length because they are the formative period of every life. By a study of them we generally know what the life of a person was. Some one may say: "Why, you haven't told the life of Wordsworth at all. You didn't say anything about his works, where and with whom he lived. You haven't told who his friends were, nor what they said of him. You haven't even mentioned Dorothy." As was said in the beginning, the

purpose of this theme is not to give his life as the world saw it, but as he felt it to be. So with this idea in view, we have told the things which he thought most important, the things which, in his Prelude, he reveals most minutely.

My Pilot

Genevieve Moore, '17, Cornelian

Let conscience be the pilot,
To guide the heart of me,
To turn the wheel that points the way,
While I the ship shall be.

Oh, steer, my pilot, the bark aright
O'er life's e'er changing sea;
Nor let the storms that come prevail,
Or the waves o'ermaster me.

But keep your eye on the compass fast,
And hold to the course laid down,
Steer by the shoals with a keen lookout,
And eye the skies that frown.

And then, my pilot, we'll come in the end,
To our port 'neath the setting sun,
With a keel that's sound, tho' battered and worn,
And the race of life well run.



Sketches

On Dimples

Alice Sawyer, '15, Adelpgian

Who shall measure the value of a dimple? With what scales can its worth be weighed? So gay, so bewitching, so alluring it is! So sweet, so tenderly mocking, so gravely mirthful, so mischievous, that many a maiden would barter all her other attractions for this one. Those fortunate ones who already possess dimples may openly mourn for the wrinkles-to-be, but in their hearts there is deep rejoicing.

Dimples possess one quality that is well nigh unique. With all other desirable things *two* are better than *one*; with dimples, on the contrary, *one* has infinitely more of charm and allurements than *two*. Another curious phenomenon has also been observed but not fully accounted for as yet; that a dimple in the left cheek is far more beguiling than one in the right.

In imitation of a member of our faculty, the girls at one table in the dining-room are cultivating a dimple by resting their chins pensively on one palm, with one finger indenting the left cheek. It is too early yet to test the results of their method, but the eyes of the school are anxiously fixed upon them. If the dimple does appear, what rejoicing there will be. This method is especially desirable for fat—I *beg* your pardon—*robust* young ladies, for since one hand has to support the chin only one is left to eat with. The amount of nourishment obtained is therefore necessarily decreased, with the result of a steady decline in avoirdupois.

Waiting at the Dentist's Office

Laura Anderson, Adelpgian

The first thing I heard as I opened Dr. E——'s door was, "Oh, oh, Dr., p-please, quit, please!" After entering I saw

the source of this entreaty to be a small boy who was struggling to get out of the big chair. His mother was talking angrily to him and at the same time trying to force him to sit down. I heard her say to him, "You Sam, if you don't quit that hollerin' I will wear you out when I git you home." Just then the doctor closed the door between his private office and waiting room; so I turned my attention to an old lady sitting near me. She was a typical country woman. In one hand she held a large baking powder can containing snuff which she brought out in large quantities on a good sized brush. With her other hand she rubbed her jaw, which had swollen on a level with her nose. Her coarse dress which was much too short, displayed about one inch of her white homespun stockings above the big, muddy shoes. It was amusing to see her hobble to the door and ask the doctor, "How long will hit be?" and then hobble back again to the big leather chair. When she sat down she used the utmost care, as if she were afraid of being bounced out of the chair by its strong springs. In the meantime, a very rough looking man came stalking in, and without a hint of politeness, said, "Where's the doc?" No one answered at first, but in a few seconds I told him that he was busy in the other room. At that the man sat down on a davenport by a dignified and aristocratic looking old lady. The latter immediately gathered her skirt closer and after eying the newcomer—rather rudely, I thought—brushed past him and sat down on the opposite side of the room. The man seemed totally indifferent to her moving and continued to chew his tobacco and to expectorate freely. In a few minutes the little boy whom I heard on entering came out with his mother, and these two, with the rough looking man departed. Just as they left, a woman carrying a little baby in her arms, entered. We were entertained by the lusty cries of the child for a few moments only, for the mother produced a piece of dry cake from her handbag and gave it to the baby. I was wondering who would come in next when Dr. E—— called me to take my turn in the dreaded chair. I had enjoyed my waiting so much that I had almost forgotten about the toothache which had brought me to the office.

A Summer Experience

Annie Spainhour, '16, Cornelian

This summer, in the beautiful little city of Linville, situated in the very heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains, Margaret Mull and I went to spend our vacation. One day we decided to persuade our fathers to climb the Grandfather Mountain with us. This mountain is six thousand feet above the sea level, and those who have ever climbed a mountain know what this meant. Well, we finally gained our fathers' consent and we planned to meet at my home at 8 o'clock the next morning.

The next morning at 8 o'clock father and I were waiting, but Margaret did not come. At 9 o'clock, deciding that she was not coming, we started, for we knew we would not get back before dark if we waited longer. When we reached the rock where the horses were to be tied we waited another half hour; but still neither Margaret nor her father came. Taking our lunch with us, we started the climb to the first peak. Our way lay along a narrow foot path of solid rock. To our right was the massive rock towering for about fifty feet in the air; to our left the valley. This path is the only one known by which the summit of the Grandfather may be reached.

We reached the first peak, and, without stopping, went to the second one. There we ate our lunch, still hoping that Margaret would come. Since she did not, we went on to the third and highest peak. From here we could see for hundreds of miles, and on the first peak far away, we saw some people. Feeling that at last we had seen Margaret and her father, we hurried down. When we reached the place where the people had been there were only the bare rocks. Seeing a storm coming up we hurried home.

The next day Margaret asked me why I did not go to the Grandfather. She said that she went to the first, second and third peaks without seeing me at all. Now we both went to the third peak about the same time and both got home about the same time; and there is but one path to the Grandfather; yet we did not meet. Will some one please tell me how it happened?

Wasted Sweetness

Lola Woltz, '17, Adelphian

It was late one summer afternoon. The dying sun was sinking from view behind the treetops, and everything seemed happy beneath its soft departing glow.

It was at this time when even older hearts might feel a touch of the romantic, that Bobby, a talkative little fellow of two years, called on his senior neighbor. When Judith saw him toddling up the walk, rocking to and fro as if he were going to fall at almost every step, she immediately put down her sewing and ran across the lawn to meet him.

"Why, Bobby," she said, "how sweet you look today! How much do you love me?"

"'Udy, I uve 'u four booshels," he replied in his winning childish way.

"Now, Bobby," said Judith, "suppose we sit on the steps, while I teach you a little song."

After much exertion on the part of Bobby, they were soon seated and ready to begin.

"Now, Bobby, you must say it right after me — 'The moon's big eyes'."

"'E 'oon's wig eyes. Udy, udy, de oon's up dere."

Judith looked up to see the moon; but finding that Bobby's moon was only the porch light she explained to him and continued the song:

"Are watching on you,"

"Are 'atching on oo."

"You better be good, you better be good."

"'Oo better be dood, 'oo better be dood."

Judith had him to repeat it after her until he seemed to lose interest in it. Then to atone for keeping him still for so long, Judith began romping with him. They were playing an exciting game of tag when he suddenly announced that he was going home to see his "murver". Judith grabbed him and said:

"Bobby, kiss me before you go." But as he seemed to have no idea of doing so, Judith stooped and kissed him as he

started across the lawn. He looked up at her with a reproachful light in his big brown eyes, and rubbing the kiss off, said:
“‘Udy, de ‘oon’s wig eyes, are ‘atching on ‘oo,
Better be dood, better be dood.’”

A Country Station in Winter

Annie Glenn, '15, Cornelian

A small one-roomed building, situated at a country station, served as a store, waiting room, and postoffice. The building was old and weather-beaten on the outside, but that made little difference to those inside, for huge logs of wood burned brightly in the big open fireplace. One by one, the farmers who lived near the station had gathered at the little store to get the evening mail. When once inside the door, they gave no thought to the sleet and wintry blasts outside. Some of them lounged around on the counters, smoking their corn-cob pipes, while others sat on boxes, nail kegs or anything else that was available, and either discussed the affairs of the neighborhood or read the county paper. Several of the storekeeper's children, each clad in a new calico dress and eating peppermint candy, played gleefully around the fire. Presently their games were broken up by the arrival of a bride and groom, followed by all the young people in the village. The room was filled with loud peals of laughter and all were having a good time, when suddenly the keen whistle of the train was heard and the party rushed out, led by a stalwart farmer carrying a smoky lantern with which to wave the train down. Just as it moved off, the bride and groom nervously shouting good bye mounted the steps of the car, amid showers of rice. After a few minutes, the mail was distributed and each with his share set out for home.

Association Work in the Country

Mazie Kirkpatrick, '15, Cornelian

(The following is taken from the Association Monthly.)

A successful eight weeks' club sends in this attractive account of its summer work, written by its leader, Miss Mazie Kirkpatrick, a member of the Greensboro State Normal Association:

"A hearty greeting to you from the Haywood Merry Workers! Haywood, because that's the name of our mountain county; Merry, because that's the spirit of our lives; and Workers, because hands, head, heart—are all dominated by this spirit in active service. We are just twenty in number—but that twenty is a group of constitution abiding girls, of ready service girls, and lastly, of girls eager for the best, the noblest, and the highest ideals of life.

"Through our club meetings we strive to gain this higher vision of life, by devoting an allotted time to the study of the Book of all books, and by coming in contact as best we may, with the lives of such people as Robert Livingstone, Alice Freeman Palmer, and Helen Keller. We attempt to make ourselves more efficient in housekeeping by actually putting into practice the suggestions of the world's best homemakers, and it is then that each face glows with enthusiasm and interest over some new intricacy of sewing and cooking. We try by reading and discussing such books as *The Calling of Dan Matthews*, *The Christian*, and *The Lady of the Decoration*, to acquaint ourselves with some of the situations which face those who go out into the wide world. And then, *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, *Freckles*, *The Girl of the Limberlost*, *Mary Cary*, *Molly Make Believe*, and *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, get their due respect.

"Lastly—and this is what we are most intent on telling you about (yet words cannot tell the joy of it—experience is the only true spokesman here)—what can give an enterprising girl more joy than to lighten the heart of somebody's grandmother by an occasional visit and some little gift of her own hands; or to make possible and delightful an interdenomina-

tional meeting of mothers and fathers; or to make lighter the burdens of a rural school teacher by setting the school room in order and placing fresh flowers on her desk the first blue Monday in her school year.

“These are only a very few of the things which it is possible for a group of country girls to do; but we hope you have caught just a glimpse of the joy that we have had in our meetings. We hope that more of our country girls may have the opportunity of being members of an eight weeks’ club.”



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Alumnae and students of the College feel great pride in the recent Bulletin by Professor W. C. Smith, **THE BULLETIN** head of the English Department. Mr. Smith in his editorial foreword indicates the different classes of the public whose need this issue of the Bulletin is especially designed to meet—"the teachers of our public schools and the members of our literary clubs and reading circles who desire some aids to study, a little more definite than those contained in books about literature—a little less detailed than those given in manuals concerned chiefly with grammar, prosody, and figures of speech."

A mere hasty examination of the Bulletin suggests how broad and detailed was the study which contributed to the preparation of this work. "Studies in American Authors" (first series) is devoted to Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell and Lanier. Compact biographical notes on each poet,

a classification of the individual author's poems with a number of illustrations under each class, suggestions for study, topics for papers or for discussion, references for study—including editions, biographies, criticism, tributes in verse—dramatization of certain selections from Bryant and Longfellow of especial interest to the teacher as an aid in quickening the pupil's interest, a list of the best histories of American literature, collections of American literature, suggested libraries in American literature, for schools, and study clubs, and some helpful books on the study of literature make up the very comprehensive content. A prose quotation from each author setting forth his conception of the ministry of poetry together with carefully selected quotations make each poet become, as it were, his own interpreter. Through these, they point out "What real poetry is and what strength and inspiration we may hope to derive from it." An introductory discussion of Poetic Phrasal Power, giving a classification of poetic phraseology with illustrative quotations serving as poetic "touchstones", direct the attention "to the real excellence of the poet's phrasal power and to the deep-toned music of his better verse."

The frontispiece, a fine photogravure of Lanier, and the three opening quotations, themselves serve as "touchstones" of good taste and at the outset strike the keynote of scholarship and culture which characterize this issue.

Our chapel exercises here in college have never meant to us what they should. We go in our work-a-day clothes; we carry with us the very instruments of our work-a-day world; but is it necessary that we be dominated by our work-a-day moods?

To some of us, chapel means the hour when we relax from the strenuous duties of the morning, when we slump down in our seats and breathe sighs of profound relief that half of the day's weary task is done.

To others of us, chapel means that never ending period just before lunch when we coax ourselves into believing that

the law, "Thou shalt not speak in chapel," applies indiscriminately to everyone except ourselves.

And then there are a few of us—may the number increase!—who despite our work-a-day clothes and our work-a-day instruments, banish from our minds the thoughts of weariness, forget "the cares that infest the day." For these, there is no need of a law of silence. Silence is the natural expression of their mood—the mood of worship, which is always ours in a church and which should be ours whenever we pause in the tasks of the day to lift our hearts to the Great Spirit above us.

For, after all, what does the place matter. Is "The Lord is in His holy temple," restricted to cathedral walls?

It may have been hard for some of us to realize this in the past, but in the future surely there can be no trouble. The organ will solve the problem. There is not one of us, even the weariest or the most talkative, who can do otherwise than yield in sympathy to the spirit of its music. And the law of silence will be no longer needed.



Society Notes

With the Adelphians

Annie V. Scott, '14, Adelphian

On the evening of November 7th, the Adelphian Society enjoyed a play entitled, "Dave's Baby," a comedy in two acts written by Edith Palmer Putnam. The caste of characters was as follows:

Rex Mawson, a bachelor	Lorena Kernodle
David Thorne, a college mate of Rex	Emmie Brown
Dorothy Thorne, David's daughter	Merrill Shelton
Bridget, Rex's Irish housekeeper	Bessie Terry
Pete, his colored valet	Hallie Beavers

Following the regular business meeting of November 21st the Adelphian Society was entertained by a pleasing little comedy entitled, "The Heavenly Twins." The cast of characters was as follows:

Geo. W. Barton	} students at Yale, "the twins"	{ Mary Powers	
Tom Jackson			Alice Dawson
Miss Samantha Brown, principal of Miss Brown's Select School			
for Young Ladies		Susan Thompson	
Miss Sophronia, her sister		Miriam Robertson	
Mrs. Barton, mother of Geo. and friend of Miss Brown		Louise Howell	
Helen Clark	} girl chums in school	{ Alice Ferebee	
Adele DeLancy			Zilphia Massey
Lou Brighton	} girls in Miss Brown's school	{ Frances Abbitt	
Clara Cole			Margaret Blythe
Miss Jennings			Edith Uzzell
Miss Johnson			Hildah Hancock
Miss Green			Susan Green
Janitor		May Gunter	
Detective		Sudie Mellichampe	

Cornelian Notes

Annie E. Bostian, '14, Cornelian

After the regular meeting of the Cornelian Literary Society on November 7th, 1913, an important debate was held. The query was,

“Resolved, That the consecrated spinster gets more out of life than her married sister.” Misses Annie Wall Baldwin and Imogen Scott were the speakers on the affirmative side while Ruth Roth and Carrie Goforth upheld the negative. Miss Norma Styron acted as president of the debate, Misses Carey Wilson, Julia Canaday, and Ruth Tate being judges.

Immediately after the debate a play, “Miss Fearless and Co.,” was presented to the society, the cast of characters being as follows:

Miss Margart Henley, an heiress	Lillian Wakefield
Miss Euphenia Addison, her chaperon	Lallah Daughetey
Miss Sarah Jane Lovejoy	Gladys Emerson
Katie O’Conner, Miss Henley’s servant	Gertrude Carraway
Miss Bettie Cameron	Tempie Boddie
Miss Marion Reynolds	Kate Mae Streetman
Miss Barbara Livingston	Esther Mitchell

Miss Henley’s guests

“Just Lizzie,” the ghost	Iris Holt
Miss Alias } the silent sisters	{ Jeanette Musgrove
Miss Alibi }	{ Lucinda Martin

After the regular meeting of the Cornelian Literary Society on November 21st, the Cornelian Seniors invited Cornelians and friends to the chapel. Here a play, “The District School,” was given in honor of the new girls. Immediately after the play, coffee, cheese sandwiches and mints were served.



Among Ourselves

Eleanor Morgan, '14, Cornelian

Good Roads Day was a holiday at the Normal that saw more work done than three of the usual variety of work days. At 9 o'clock six hundred young women armed with rakes and brooms and invincible courage marched out upon the campus and set to work. At 12 o'clock they came back. Their hands were a little blistered, their arms a little weary, their brooms a little worn—but still, the "six hundred". And well might they forget minor troubles and heave deep sighs of satisfaction. The campus that they had found in a rather questionable state, they left in a condition of spotless cleanliness.

Having formed the habit of cleaning by their strenuous morning exertions, the girls quite naturally turned their attention to the dormitory during the afternoon. Here the results were as remarkable as on the campus; the reward even greater. In each dormitory, the lucky possessor of the cleanest room received as a prize from Dr. Foust, a big, easy rocking chair.

The college was very fortunate in having present at its chapel exercises on Thursday, November 3rd, Dr. Bourland, Secretary of the Southern Educational Board, and Mr. McConkey, who had been delivering a series of addresses at the First Presbyterian Church. Dr. Bourland talked to the students for a few minutes upon the work which awaits them beyond the limits of the college world. Then Mr. McConkey took charge of the service interpreting in his forceful way the thought, "Present your bodies as living sacrifices".

On Thursday evening, November 20th, at 8:30 o'clock, the inaugural concert of the new organ just installed in our auditorium was given. The recital which was a success in every sense of the word, was given by Mr. G. Scott-Hunter, organist, of Burlington, assisted by Mrs. W. R. Edmonds, soprano, of High Point, and the Normal College chorus of one hundred and fifty voices trained by Mr. Wade R. Brown, head of the department of music.

Besides furnishing a delightful evening for all those who were so fortunate as to be present, the recital meant much to the college in that it marked a decided advance for the musical department of the institution.

The first of a series of lectures to be delivered by prominent business men on economic problems of today was given on Friday afternoon, November 21st, by Secretary J. C. Forester, of the local Chamber of

Commerce, on "Transportation". Mr. Forester contrasted the present methods of transportation with primitive methods and touched upon the advances made in the means of conveying thought; as by telephone, telegraph and the press. He further showed how a rise in the standards of life goes hand in hand with this improvement in transportation.

On Thursday, November 27th, the college observed the national holiday. In the morning the entire student body gathered in the auditorium to hear a Thanksgiving address by Prof. Jackson, head of the History Department.

The athletic event of the day, which has become a custom during the last few years, occurred at 3:30 p. m. It consisted this year of a game of football in which seventy-five girls from all classes took part.

At 8:30 in the evening the annual debate between the Adelpian and Cornelian Literary Societies took place. The query was: "Resolved, that, without regard to the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, the tolls at the Panama Canal should be the same for the merchant vessels of all nations."

The debaters on the affirmative were Miss Eleanor Morgan and Miss Pattie Groves from the Cornelian Society; those on the negative, Miss Edith Avery and Miss Mary Green from the Adelpian Society. The president and secretary of the debate were Miss Gertrude S. Carraway and Miss Lila Melvin.

The judges, Dr. C. L. Raper, Dr. J. R. Gordon, and Mr. Harvey White, rendered their decision in favor of the negative.

Miss Coit, who has been taking a month's vacation in the mountains, is with us again.

Dr. Foust, Prof. Wade R. Brown, Prof. R. A. Merritt, Miss Moore, and Miss Ethel Harris attended the Teachers' Assembly held in Raleigh November 27-29.

On Friday evening, November 28th, members of the faculty and students of the Normal College were delightfully entertained by the First Presbyterian Church. From the college there were approximately 100 present, with an equal crowd of members of the church. The affair was informal. The interior of the Smith Memorial Building had many bunches of white chrysanthemums as decorations.

A feature of the evening that was greatly entertaining was the musical program. Solos were rendered by Miss Forester, Miss May Norris Richardson, Fielding Fry and W. B. Walker. Selections were also rendered by a male quartet composed of John Kellenberger, Yates Hagan, Fielding Fry and Fuller Smith.

Ladies of the church served refreshments through the evening.

The junior class at the Normal College gave "A Trip Around the World," at the Normal College last evening, the good ship "See All", leaving Port Spencer at 8 o'clock. Stops were made at Japan, Holland, Africa and America. At each of these countries the guests were entertained by the natives.



Notes

Eunice Sinclair, '15, Adelpbian

To many North Carolinians the awarding of the Patterson cup to Horace Kephart was a great surprise. Mr. Kephart is a native of Pennsylvania, but for the past nine years has quietly resided in Western North Carolina. The State Historical and Literary Society in thus singling him out to receive its greatest honor, has proclaimed Mr. Kephart's work, "Our Southern Highlanders," as the best production of literature in our state during the past year. The trophy was awarded by Professor Fulton, of Davidson College. Owing to sickness Mr. Kephart was unable to attend in person, but gracefully expressed his appreciation in a note of acceptance.

The present movement to erect a lasting tribute to O. Henry is worthy of hearty response and earnest support. It is proposed to have for the memorial a bronze bust of the author placed in the state capitol at Raleigh. The originator and active leader of the effort is Dr. Archibald Henderson, of Chapel Hill. Through his personal influence, liberal contributions have been received from the North Carolina Club of New York and from numerous individual subscriptions. Greensboro, being O. Henry's birthplace, feels an especial interest, and has formed a local association to agitate the cause and receive contributions. Every school child in Guilford County is to make some contribution, the contributor's name to be preserved in a volume kept in the public library. The memorial has also received both sympathetic and actual support from Norman Hackett. His company, now appearing in "A Double Deceiver", a dramatization of one of O. Henry's stories, is contributing a percentage of the proceeds to the purpose. Mr. Hackett was a personal friend of the author, and by his lectures throughout the state has aroused much appreciation and interest in O. Henry's work.

It is a splendid thing to see North Carolina honor her illustrious sons; and this memorial to William Sidney Porter will be a fitting tribute to one who is, in many respects, the greatest genius the state has yet produced.

The University Bureau of Extension has issued a bulletin entitled, "The Initiative and Referendum", for use in the High School Debating Union. This organization already embraces 105 schools and is still steadily increasing. The offer of the Aycock Memorial cup creates much interest in the contests. The recent publication, planned for wide service, is a means for arousing North Carolina boys to an active study of governmental questions, and the probable results are too great to be estimated.

It is interesting to notice the steady progress of the University Extension idea in North Carolina. The common motive seems to be to serve the people at large.

We are in receipt of a letter from the A. and M. College, Raleigh, calling attention to their recent bulletin. This pamphlet furnishes interesting particulars regarding a four weeks' course for farmers, beginning January 9th, 1914. The tuition will be entirely free. The course promises to be highly instructive and profitable. Coming, as it does, during midwinter, it enables any farmer to attend without neglecting his work. The present age demands trained men for every line of activity, and thanks to such opportunities as this afforded by the A. and M., the non-progressive farmer is fast becoming extinct.

The Greensboro Chapter of the Southern Association of College Women met on November 7th with Miss Gertrude Mendenhall. This association has for its purpose the promotion of higher education in the south. Membership is limited to students from certain recognized institutions. Although a comparatively recent branch, the Greensboro chapter has an active membership of fourteen, representing Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, Mt. Holyoke, Cornell, Syracuse, Columbia, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Randolph-Macon and other institutions. At the tenth annual meeting held in Richmond last April, the Greensboro chapter was represented by Miss Mary Petty, head of the Chemistry Department of the Normal College. Some of the strongest addresses made during the conference were given by North Carolinians, notably the report of Miss Colton, of Meredith College, on "The Improvement in Standards of Southern Colleges since 1900," and that of Dr. E. K. Graham of the University, his subject being, "A Fundamental Factor in the Education of Women."

One of the unique wedding gifts received by Miss Jessie Wilson, now Mrs. Francis B. Sayre, was a beautiful American emerald of about three carats weight, presented by Mr. Lovet Braser, of New York, through his friend, Dr. W. T. Grenfell. The emerald was discovered on North Carolina property owned by Mr. Fraser and was cut by American lapidaries. It was enclosed in a heart-shaped silver box, inscribed with the monogram, "J. W. W.," the box reposing in a Siberian malachite jewel case.



Exchanges

Julia M. Canaday, '15, Cornelian

Exchanges are now coming in so fast that we are indeed kept busy. Among the many found on our desk are The Davidson College Magazine, The Focus, The Acorn, and The University Magazine.

The Davidson College Magazine contains some good material this time. "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" is a very interesting as well as inspiring story. The heroine's indomitable determination to devote her life to the uplifting of the ignorant mountain folk in the Blue Ridge wins our admiration. There are one or two good essays; also two poems "Serenade" and "Sunset", that deserve consideration.

The poems, "Harvest Song," and "The Last Rose of Summer", in the October number of The Focus are good; also the story, "Wanted—A Wife". In the latter the author has portrayed to us in a humorous way the pathos of ignorance and its accompanying low ideals of life.

No poetry is to be found in the October number of The Acorn; but the essays are especially good. "Passed On," is an interesting story, revealing the secret history of a multitude of our gifts.

The University Magazine, although not all that we could desire, contains some fairly good material. "A Modern Eliezer" is a clever little story. "Reddy," the hero, is an admirable character, possessing an understanding of human nature that is something akin to genius. "Wanted—An Answer"—something between a sketch and a story—is novel and entertaining, presenting an interesting proposition for consideration. The articles, "Books and the State", and "Personality in Regard to the Attainment of True Education," are both well written, the latter being especially entertaining.



In Lighter Vein

Edith C. Haight, '14, Adelpian

I've been asked to write a poem,
And I'm sure it's quite absurd!
Poets have an inspiration—
I can't conjure up a word.

I've gazed at the "glorious sunset";
I've craned at the "darksome sky";
And still I lack a beginning
And somehow I can't see why.

I've tried to "commune with nature",
By wandering hours in the park,
And whether or not you believe it—
I'm still quite in the dark.

I thought that a sonnet or ballad
Would flow from my willing pen,
But I can't even start the first stanza—
I'll admit it's beyond my ken.

Margaret Smith, '14, Adelpian.

New girl: "How long do we have for the Christmas holidays?"
Old girl: "From the day before Christmas until the day after
New Year's."

New girl: "Well, how long is it between Christmas and New Year's
this year?"

H. E. (After a mistake made through negligence): "Well that is
one time I sowed what I reap."

In economics, Miss E.: "What book of Dickens was written in
behalf of the factory children?"

B. S.: "Oliver Cromwell."

Freshman to Senior: "Are they going to let anyone who wants to
go down to hear Sousan's band?"

A. B. (in the dining-room): "Where does Mary sit?"

B. P.: "Oh, she sits over on that 'D' row."

B. S.: "Where are you going in such a hurry?"

B. M.: "I am going with Mr. Balcomb to look at the stars through a microscope."

In biology: "Now, young ladies, into how many halves shall we divide this circle?"

Senior: "What are all those girls doing over there in front of the McIver Building?"

Freshman: "Oh, they have got to write character sketches of the McIver statue."

A. B.: "Aren't we having lovely weather now? The air is so embracing."

S. M.: "I wonder how Mr. Matheson is feeling now. He has been gone a long time."

D. G.: "Where is he?"

S. M.: "He is off recruiting."

S. S.: "I do hope they will put in some fudge with home-made walnuts when they send me my Thanksgiving box."

One girl remarked that a certain friend of hers reminded her so much of Rebecca in Ivanhoe.

Her companion replied: "Oh yes, Ivanhoe! I think that is such pretty poetry."

Junior: "Have you ever read 'The Last of the Mohegans'?"

Freshman: "I have never read the first yet."

Extracts from Junior papers on Wordsworth:

"Wordsworth remained at Cambridge four years, and in 1791 he took his B. P. Degree and bade farewell to school life."

"After leaving school, Wordsworth went to London where he went to the shows and studied humanity."

When math.'s last problem is lucid; when Vergil and Livy sink in;
When the last victorious plodder has passed from her class with a grin
We shall go. The trains well-crowded shall take us.
Shall take us to where we are due,
Till the faculty of all good faculties shall call us to work anew.

And those who have worked shall be happy—their tired-out brains in a
whirl
They shall live in the joys of the yule-tide and blissfully beam on the
world.

There'll be no "prep." to wake them, but each with a saucy snore
Will turn as the clock strikes seven, and peacefully sleep some more.

Not only our families shall love us; not only this feast to our souls,
But a feast to our physical beings of pies and fat jelly-rolls.
And each in the joy of feasting and each with no six to appall
Shall sit and rest in the sitting and never be "sat on" at all.

—*Gladys Avery, '15, Adelpian.*

Joseph Vance kissed Alice for Short,
As they in the library stood.
She said, "It Can Never Happen Again."
He said, "It Was Somehow Good."

—*Selected.*

The following was written by an infant poet in St. John's Home, Boston. The teacher, in a footnote, remarks that this priceless child evidently had no doubts about the Motherhood of God.

See the little robin a-swinging on the tree.
See the little gold-fish a-swimming in the bowl.
Who teach'd these two to play together?
Who stick'd the fur upon their breasts?
'Twas God—*She* done it.

LOCAL COLOR

Genevieve Moore, '17, Cornelian

Alarm clock tied to head of bed: "Bbbbbbring!—five o'clock! bbbbring!"

Springs: "Squeak."

Fanny: "Grace, the clock went off."

Grace, with very little sign of life: "Um—m—m, thanks."

Silence for five minutes.

Fanny, with effort: "Aren't you goin' to get up?"

Grace, eyes still shut: "It wasn't me that wanted to get up; it was you."

Fanny, indignantly, one eye open: "It most certainly was not, you had to study for physics' quiz."

Grace, turning and opening eyes:

"Oh, yes," getting up, "I'll shut the windows, turn on the heat, and then when it gets warm I'll get up again."

Window: "Bang."

Grace, shivering: "It might give me pneumonia to stay up in this cold room."

Other window: "Squeak, bang."

Grace: "I believe absolutely it's zero outside."

Radiator: "Thump, blub, gurgle."

Grace, covering up again: "These covers sure feel warm after that cold air." Drowsily, "I'll get up again in a minute. Shucks, I know most of that physics by heart and I'll say it over till I get warm."

Silence.

Deep breathing.

Snores.

Campus bell: "Ding dong, ding dong."

Grace bounding to floor excitedly and rubbing eyes: "You don't mean to say that's prep.?"

Fanny, unsympathetically: "It's bound to be prep., unless it's breakfast."

"But I only shut my eyes a minute, I know I haven't been asleep—and I don't know a thing for that test."

Fanny, joining her roommate: "I thought you said you knew it."

"Indeed I didn't mean it if I said so—I only know about one fourth of it."

Fanny rushing to closet: "Gracious, I've got to get up my laundry. Please take off that soiled bureau scarf for me while I see if everything is marked. I don't want to get one of those notices from Mr. Sink."

Grace, tossing the soiled piece toward her roommate: "There goes my brush behind the dresser, and that bell may ring any minute. It's gym. today for me and I've got to do a little darning too!"

Fanny, looking up: "That's such a little one it'll never show, besides it's right at your toe."

"Yes, but it might run, and then I'd feel like the mischief."

Fanny, pretty well out of breath, starting toward door with bulging laundry bag in one hand and towel in other: "Want me to bring you some warm water when I come back?"

"Please do that, and," raising her voice as the footsteps hasten down the hall, "see if my towel's on the icebox up there."

Returning with pitcher few minutes later, Fanny starts looking quickly through dresser drawers and shirtwaist box.

"Oh, what shall I put on, my linen's torn, my red gingham had all the buttons smashed off at the laundry, and the collar's lost to the blue chambray. Everything else is dirty so I'll just have to wear that old woolen dress again."

Grace, consolingly: "Well, honey, it's awfully good looking if you have worn it lots."

"I'll have to wear it anyway and of course it'll get warm about noon and I'll nearly melt. Please hook me up, I positively can't reach my back."

Grace, buttoning shoes at very rapid rate: "I haven't time, child; I've got to comb my hair yet, and there goes the breakfast bell now."

Fanny, horribly upset: "You'll have to, or I won't get any breakfast."

Grace, impatiently, with a resigned martyr-like expression: "Well, turn around quick, you should have had the thing button in front."

"Yes, yes—thanks. Now the button hook has vanished."

"I left it right on the window sill."

“Here it is. Say, I can see them going into the dining-room right along. We’ve got to run. Bring your tie in your hand and put it on as you go.”

“All right,” hurrying along hall, “hold my handkerchief a minute.”

“My, I forgot mine, what if I sneeze?”

Both nearing dining-room: “Hurrah, we’re in time!”

Parting with happy faces at stairs:

“Good bye, honey, hope we don’t have xyz.”

“Good bye, dear; seems to me I smell bananas.”

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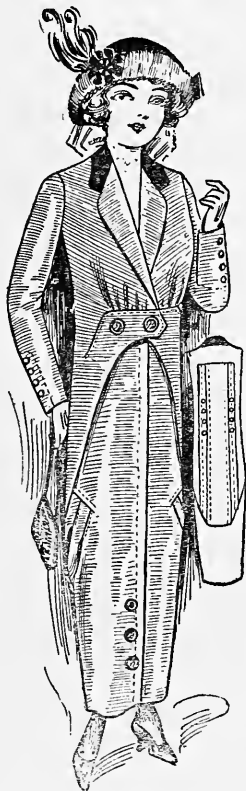
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